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A

L E T T E R

FROM THE

Hon. *Thomas Hervey,*

T O

Sir Thomas Hanmer, Bart.



(Price One Shilling.)

1875-1876

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A

LETTER

FROM THE

Hon. *Thomas Hervey,*

TO

Sir *Thomas Hanmer,* Bart.

*Ne quid Falsi dicere audeam,
Ne quid Veri non audeam.*

CICERO.



1742

L O N D O N :

Printed for the AUTHOR, and sold by J. H. on Ludgate Hill.

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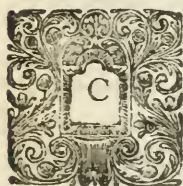
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OP Y of a private Letter to Sir *Thomas Hanmer*, antecedent to the Resolution I had taken to publish one ; which together with his Answer, and my Reply, will a little explain the Nature of my Provocation thereto, and serve as an Introduction to the whole. I must beg such Persons who take the Trouble to read them; not to forget that I am no Volunteer in Print, but to have Respect to the Justness of my Motive, and Importance of my End in it; which might be a sufficient Apology for me, had I done any thing more weak or unadvised.

Depositum laudas ob Amici Jussa Pudorem.

I must beg them likewise to pardon the Pedantry of these Scraps of Learning, as they may occasionally meet with 'em ; which, I assure them, are not foisted in with any vain Design to shew that I was once able to read a *dead Language* ; for alas ! that is all now but a *dead Letter* in me ; but when I recollect any

Passage in my Reading, that seems more fully and clearly to explain my Sense of the Thing in Question, than from the Confusion of my Thoughts, and a Poverty of Expression, I am able to do myself; I shall be apt to insert it: And indeed where a Quotation helps to enforce, or a Figure to illustrate, what we are saying, I think either very pleasing: Where they do not respectively answer these Purposes, both are impertinent and improper.

To Sir THOMAS HAMMER.

S I R,

HAVING had an Intimation at your Door, that it would be of little Use to me to multiply my Visits, I thought it necessary to give you this Trouble: but Writing being very painful to me, and my Errand Business, I could have chosen rather to see you; tho' I must assure you at the same Time, that I did at least as great a Violence to myself, as to you in the Attempt. I cannot help boasting, that I have been honour'd with the Friendship of Men as Considerable, and as worthy as Sir *Thomas Hammer*, who have taken equal Pains with me to cultivate and keep up the Acquaintance. As your *pretended Quarrel* to me must be grounded on my Behaviour to your Wife, I am proud of it; having done
nothing

thing towards you, but what any Man of the strictest Honour *might* have done ; nothing towards her, but what every generous and well-natur'd Man *ought* to have done. And you know, as she had Sense and Spirit enough at last to assert her Freedom, you ought to thank Heaven that she happen'd to throw herself into the Arms of a Son of Lord *Bristol*. I waited on you, Sir, to ask a Piece of Justice of you, not a Favour ; for of all Mankind you are the last Person to whom I would be oblig'd. I am inform'd that you have sent Orders into *Wales*, to cut down all the Timber upon the Estate of which I have the Reversion ; the Execution whereof I hop'd to respite, by remonstrating to you, that it would have been a little more becoming you as a Gentleman, to have offer'd me the Refusal of it, as I should have done to you in the like Circumstances. But I am rather glad, than sorry, you have used me thus, that I might be able to say, as with the utmost Truth I can, that in all the various Commerce and Engagements I have had with Men, I never yet was treated, as I should have treated them upon an Exchange of Places. Nevertheless, I am still desirous, for the Sake of the Inheritance, to purchase the Wood. If you think it is on Account of the immediate Interest I have in it myself, you are deceived ; for if you were to die to Morrow, possibly I might never see the Estate ; nor would I give any Body a Year's Purchase for such another Con-

tingency. Tho' you deny'd me that Access to you I might have claim'd of his Majesty, I must insist upon your *honouring* me with an Answer to my Proposal. I am,

Your humble Servant,

THOMAS HERVEY.

Sir THOMAS HANMER's Answer.

S I R,

I Little thought I should be laid under the Necessity of denying you Admittance to my House, and of declining any Correspondence with you, because I imagined it impossible that you should ever seek either. To hear that called a Demand of Justice which you now make the Subject of your Letter, is another Surprise to me ; for I think I have the common Right of all Mankind to dispose as I please of my own ; which Right I shall always exercise without asking any Person's Consent : And therefore my Answer must be, that I am inclined to deal with others for the Wood I have to sell, rather than with you. I am,

Your humble Servant,

Decemb. 12,
1741.

THOMAS HANMER.

My

*My Reply.**S I R,*

YOUR Answer to my Letter was such as I expected, because it was not such as I deserv'd. I wrote it with a Blister on my Back from a sick Bed, to which the Effects of my Resentment of your Misusage had confin'd me: for when the Mind is upon the verticle Point towards Madness, Trifles light as Air will overset it. For this Reason, if I exprest myself in less apposite Terms, than with a Mind and Body more at Ease I might another Time have done, you should not have cavil'd at it. You may be sure I did not mean by *Justice*, that the Nature of my Demand was such as admitted of its being carried into a Court of Law, because it then would have gone thither first: But I can still defend the Propriety of the Word many ways. Your Consent to my Proposal was due to me in the first Place, on Account of my being at present a Kind of Representative of my dear invaluable Friend, to whom you was much obliged. I had another Claim to it, from your being somewhat beholden to me; but that Title I should chuse to wave, because I regret any little Merit I may have toward you, as an unpardonable Sin in me. I have yet one more, which is the Conscioufness that I could not have refused you the Thing in the
like

like Circumstances. Put all these out of the Question, Sir, and turn but to the first Rudiments in Ethicks, and you'll find there, that every Man is under a Moral Obligation to bestow whatever will greatly avail his Petitioner, provided it be made appear at the same Time, that the Person solicited is no ways interested in with-holding of it.

I did not intend to write to you again, but it is really almost an involuntary Act in me. I protest to you, it mortify'd me to have such a Piece of Prevarication, such a Quirk put upon me by a Man of Sense; because you in some Degree debase all of that Character, by shewing the World, that a little Passion, or Prejudice, will in a Moment level them with their Neighbours. Now, Sir, as I happen to have a more than ordinary Reverence for Men of Understanding (where it is accompany'd with any thing great or good) this Injury to them a little affected me; for (as some Author I have read very modestly says of the Virtuous) tho' I am not of the *Number*, I will be always on their *Side*. As my Father is your Friend, I am sorry I cannot be on your's; But farewell.

Bond-street,
Dec. 17.

This Letter Sir *Thomas Hanmer* return'd to me unopen'd; a Piece of Insolence, and Contumely, not to be warranted, or brook'd
by

by any Gentleman. And it was owing to the Intercession and Remonstrances of my Friends, that I did not send him a Message suitable to such an Indignity; but tho' they appeased, they did not satisfy me: The Freedom used *with* me, has imparted itself *to* me; and my Correspondent must expect to be treated with the same Licence. God be thank'd! he has but shewn the Malignity and Unruliness of his Temper, without greatly harming me; whose sole Demerit and Offence is, to have been innocently instrumental in bringing him to Shame.



A

L E T T E R

F R O M T H E

Hon. *Thomas Hervey,*

T O

Sir Thomas Hanmer, Bart.

S I R,

U Npractis'd in the Forms and Arts of Writing, and, by a long Indisposition of Mind and Body, render'd less capable than ever to deliver my Thoughts with any Propriety; 'twill not be doubted, that it is with the utmost Reluctance I address you in this public Manner. I am writing to you with an hot Head, and a cold Heart; which is far from being the natural Temper of either. Yet, at the same Time that I declare myself *highly* in-
censed

tenfcd at you, I muft own I am *as highly* obliged to you, for urging me to a Compliance with my dear departed Friend's laft Request to me; which your pretended Friendfhip for my Father might have induced me to leave for fome Time unperform'd.

Your Wife, fo call'd, (tho' ſhe often difclaim'd any ſuch Relation to you) the Day before her Death, having had ſome Warning of its Approach, ſpoke to me to this Effect. *My Soul's * Soul!* (ſaid ſhe) *I have been long resign'd to my Fate, tho' I have endeavour'd to make you think otherwiſe. It is the only Thing I ever deceived you in; and you muſt not forget that I had my Leſſon from you, who always held that the Diſſembling of Griefs, among Friends, was a Virtue almoſt equal to Sincerity upon other Occaſions: I remember, you call'd it one of the pious Frauds of Friendſhip.—But I have done; your preſent Tenderneſs ſhews how rightly mine was judged.* After a ſhort Pauſe, ſhe reſum'd the Diſcourſe, by ſaying, *You are ſure I can have but one Regret in Dying, and it is not Loſs of Life. But ſince I am ſo deſtin'd, give me Leave, my Love, to take this Opportunity to aſk two or three Things of you; which I do not deſire any Promise of, but from your experienc'd Goodneſs to me, as far as you can be reſponſible for the Performance of 'em,*
C will

* I know you are a great Critic, but I truſt you will be above queſtioning the paſſionate Exprefſions of a dying Woman. Where I trefpaſs in mine from the ſame Cauſe, either in point of Decency or Propriety, I hope ſuitable Allowances will be made me.

well conclude them done. One is, that your Letters may be bury'd with me : Another, that you would be bury'd by me : And the last, that, upon any Proof, or Symptom, of that Inflexibility I begin to suspect about Sir Thomas Hammer's obdurate Heart, you will at once vindicate your own Conduct, and my Fame, by publishing my Letter to him.

Tho' very unable to execute it to my Satisfaction, I receiv'd the last Commission with a Joy unknown to me ; as furnishing me with an Opportunity to *exonerate* myself, and to throw that *Load* of Shame and Dishonour, from the Nature of her hapless Story, *necessarily* incurr'd by some of the Parties to it, upon those to whom it properly belongs. Fy on the Monsters that have robb'd me of my Intellects, and left me neither Thoughts nor Utterance for the thousandth Part of what I could have *conceived* and said upon the Subject ; with which my Mind is so replete, that I could talk whole Days upon it, if I knew but how to draw the Matter thence with any Method or Connection. But as her Letter is to be the Foundation of what I have more to trouble you with, I shall give a Copy of it here.

*A Letter from Lady HANMER to
Sir THOMAS.*

S I R,

TH O' I thought that all Commerce or Correspondence was for ever at an End between us, yet I find myself under the Necessity of once more writing to you; not to remonstrate with you upon any Thing that is past, nor to embarrass you with Questions to which I know you could give no Answers; for I have not been at all affected by our Separation, or any Appearances in the Circumstances of it, excepting in losing the Society of some of your * Relations whom I truly loved, and by whom, if I do not grossly flatter myself, I was a little beloved; but you say, that your Sister only was to blame in that Injunction, and that you was innocent†. I have, and desire to have so little Intercourse with the World, that I had rather suffer the Injuries it has done me, great as they are, than do myself Justice at the Expence of recalling so melancholy a Train of Thoughts, as must ever arise in my Mind on this Subject. But I am greatly afflicted, that Mr. Hervey's Attachment to me should have exposed him to Suspicions and Imputations, which no other Part of his Conduct

C 2

* The *Bunbury* Family.

† This, I have been told, is not a Fact; and that Lady *Bunbury* had laid her Daughters under no such Inhibition as was complained of, till you desired it.

duct would have left him liable to. Indeed 'tis cruel ; for his Behaviour between his Tenderness to my Friendship, and to your Reputation, was so nice a Thing, that it ought to stand recorded as a most amazing Pattern of the truest Love and Honour.

Some Years ago, when I thought I had not long to live, I could not forego the Pleasure of * giving him with my own Hands the last Testimony of my Affection for him, and the most pure Affection that ever Woman bore a Man : But the Sacrifices which (as you yourself know) he has since made to my Passion for him, so far surpass all the little Acknowledgments I can make him, that I am Bankrupt even in Hope. I only mention it, in order most solemnly to assure you, that even upon this Occasion he was so far from giving any Encouragement to my Love, that all I had from him was only general Professions of his Obligations to me. From the Time my Mother died (upon which Event I always determined, in my own Mind, to live no longer with you) to the Time we parted, it was wholly and solely at his Desire and Persuasion, that I forbore making you the Proposal of our Separation ; but upon being better acquainted with my Circumstances, and the Grievs of Mind and Body to which he exposed me, he would no longer interpose, but consented to my making that Motion ; which I accordingly did the Winter before I went to *Spaw*, tho' you

* A Will, and Deed of Settlement.

you did not then (I don't know for what Reason) think fit to comply with it. Upon extorting from me, by repeated Instances, an Explanation of a Passage in a Letter I wrote you before I went Abroad, he thought he had less to manage with me, or I with you; yet I assure you (as a farther Proof of his Regard and Consideration for you) it was entirely owing to him, that at my Return I did not try, whether the Law would not have put me in Possession of my Fortune. As I hope for the Continuance of his Love (which I am sure you believe I do, tho' you might not any other Asseveration I can make) these are Facts, and such Proofs of Puncto and Self-Denial, as are not perhaps to be parallell'd in the whole World besides. For my own Part, you know, that under the greatest Provocation to all the Levities and Extravagance a Woman could be guilty of, I never, during the many Years I lived with you, either wrong'd you, deceived you, or disobey'd you: Such a Consciousness might have been Matter of Boast to a Wife half in Love; but, surely, it was highly meritorious in an unloving and an injured one. If you had ever had my Affections, so far was I from being capable of any Violation of them, that Heaven would have scarce shared them with you. I never made a Mystery of my Attachment, where I had placed them; nor did you ever express the least Uneasiness at it. If you had, and had question'd me about the Nature of it, I should very frankly have told
you

you all I felt for him : That I had given a most inviolable Love to a most unalterable Merit ; an Heart unadulterated by any former Choice, as it will ever remain by any second one, tho' I were to live a Thousand Years. But no more of this, which must be an ungrateful Subject to us both ; but it possesses my whole Soul ; therefore it is no Wonder it has forestall'd my more immediate Purpose, which was to inform you, that I shall very soon go Abroad, and, from the State of Health I am in, little expect either to return or to survive you : For which Reason let me conjure you, to leave *Barton* to Mr. *Hervey* ; it was ever my first and will be my latest Wish ; therefore give me some Hopes of your Consent, tho' you deceive them, that I may live and die at least in some Degree of Peace. You are a good-natured and serious Man, and, when you come to reflect, will not, cannot think, that I am asking an unreasonable Acknowledgment for all I have suffer'd, and am still suffering on your Account. I am perhaps the only Woman, who, in my Situation, would not either have expos'd you to the World, or have wrong'd your Family ; tho' what had been an Injury to your's, would have been but Justice to my own : For, supposing me capable of having a Child, your giving my Estate to your Heir, and my giving an Heir to your Estate, are but one and the same Injustice. But I'll have done, and endeavour to suspend these Thoughts, from which my

Mind

Mind has scarce had a Moment's Respite for some Years ; depending upon your Indulgence in this my last Request to you, and assuring you, that I have more Charity for you, and Benevolence towards you, than you could expect, or Heaven itself require. Adieu.

Dec. 4, 1739.

I shall subjoin to this Letter the Dying-Words of it's most excellent and exemplary Author, which make a very natural and consistent Supplement to it ; and are as follow :

*Sure, no poor Wretch ever had so severe a Fate !——That Man * has much to answer for——Yet, if he had indulg'd me in my last Request to him, I might have forgiven him all the rest——but I hope You will be happy.*

Alas ! the last was as vain, as all the other inauspicious Wishes of her Life : It was recommending me to an End, whilst she was robbing me of the Means ; and any body would have done as consistent a Thing, to have wished me Length of Days at the Time he was stabbing me.

If an Hero or Philosopher had died like her, his Praises would have been recorded ; but the truly great Mind, which is ever alike
free

* She had mention'd You before ; but what it was she said, I cannot recollect.

free from Affectation, as from Ostentation, silently, but seriously, quits the World, with twice the Decency and Dignity of either. But Decency, indeed, is Dignity.

* *But rest, poor perturbate Spirit !*

His saltem accumulem donis & FUNGAR
INANI MUNERE.

If I remember thee not in my Mirth, may
Heaven forsake me in my SORROW.

Mrs. *Flasby*, her very valuable and faithful Friend, was Witness to her Pathetic Valediction ; and we jointly desired Mr. *Clayton*, to relate the Substance of it to you. Not that it could then avail either the Dead or Living ; but we thought, if you had one single Atom about your Heart unputrify'd, that such Complaints must give it a little Compunction. Mr. *Clayton*, (for whom I have a great Honor and Regard) for *Reasons* best known to himself, did not acquit himself of his Promise ; nor was I so *unreasonable*, as to renew my Instances for the Performance of it ; for, some People are afraid of you. I am not of the Number : for I am out of the Reach of all Men's Malice ; have nothing to manage or to dread, wholly careless what becomes of the tedious Remnant of a Life, the Prime of which I spent in Pain, Obscurity, and Want. I have been long inured to Misery, and am now arrived to such a Pitch of it, that I rather wish

wish than fear any additional Affliction. Yet I confess, you awed me once more than any Man, except my Father. There was an *Appearance* of such Severity in your Opinions and Manners, that you seem'd the profest Censor of the Age. But this shameless Anecdote, of which I am about to speak, once reveal'd, I no longer regarded you as what you seem'd, but as what you are. From the Time I knew you to have been the Cause of such inexpressible Grievs to the poor *unhappy* Creature, I so *unhappily* loved and admired, I conceived a most abhorrent Hatred of you. Nevertheless I check'd and stifled every Effort and Suggestion of it, for the Sake of Lord *Brisfol*: tho' his cruel Treatment of me, upon your Account, would have long since set free a Son of a different Nature and Temper; who would have made it a Pretence for throwing down that Mound between us, by which you have been hitherto intrench'd. But now I put off all Restraints; this last Injury you have done her, this posthumous Wrong (if I may be allow'd the Expression) transported me beyond all Bounds of Patience. He too, that can do me an Insult in *cool* Blood, will be sure to make mine *boil*.

The Part of a public Monitor (tho' I think myself as well qualify'd for it, as some who take it upon them) I know, must very little become me. So invidious a Province would ill suit with my Abilities and Character, at least my *apparent* Character; tho'

God knows how widely different that is from the obscured and hidden Man. But where you have practised any of your Weaknesses, there is of course a Right to speak and upbraid : and as you have taken great Liberties with me, you must expect to be treated with equal Freedom. For he who wou'd slander me *without Reason*, has furnish'd me with the *best of Reasons* to reproach and vilify him. There is but one Man living has aught against me ; and if once in my Life to have incurr'd my own Reproof, be Sin so Damnable and Irremissible ; *let him that is more Innocent throw the first Stone*. He who knows me, that will coolly and dispassionately say he suspects me of any thing Indirect or Base, is a Liar and a Scoundrel ; and an utter Stranger to me, that would fix such an Imputation upon me, is an uncharitable Fool.

As * *Jaquez* says, *I sometimes think of great Matters as well as others, tho' I make no Boast of it*. Indeed, to hear you declaim or preach, either upon Public or Private Occurrences, might *operate very kindly upon a raw and unexperienced Auditory* ; but it would make no Impression at all on me. I should be apt to observe, *in particular*, that Words *cost Nothing* ; and *in general*, that we are all Wisdom and Virtue, when we are supposing ourselves to act in the Place of others, and yet all Folly and Iniquity in our own. I do not want to be inform'd, I do
not

* A Character in a Play in *Shakeſpear* : As you like it.

nor want to be *convinced* ; that the Public is a very important Relation, to every constituent Part or Member of it : but I would beg Leave to take Notice that it is a Remote one, compared to many others I could mention : towards whom, I shall always expect to see some Portion of that Benevolence, and general Concern for the Welfare of Mankind, so familiar to the Mouths, and so foreign to the Hearts of most Men ; frequently exerting itself, before I will think myself bound to believe them sincere. No *one* Man has more than *one* Mind : he therefore who hath signalized himself by a steady Adherence to the Rules of Honour and Humanity, and by a constant tender Regard to his Reputation, in private Life ; should be supposed to be actuated, and govern'd, by the same Principles and Sensations in Public. And as the ordinary Testimonies to, and Instances of, these great and good Qualities, should preponderate against all Appearances to the contrary, when he comes into a more exalted Sphere : So, on the other hand, wherever such Proofs are wanting ; all high-strain'd Notions of Government, of Partial-love, or Public-Spirit, should carry but little Weight or Credit with them. But these Reflections and Surmises are for *particular* Application, and therefore to be kept within due Bounds : for tho' I cannot help fancying that many of our Political Zealots are *not* Sincere ; I believe there are more who *are* : and I have great

Joy and Comfort in the Persuasion. It used to be Matter of Wonder to me that there should be seemingly so much more Public Virtue stirring, than there is of any other Species of it : but the Reason appears to me to be this. That our Passions and Affections go Hand in Hand, and, as it were, co-operate with our *Public* Virtues ; whereas, those of a *private* Nature, are, for the most part, the Result of frequent *Conflicts* with our Passions, and Inclinations ; and, in the Exercise of 'em, must put us to some Pains and Cost. To be plain with you, Sir, all you talk (possibly) without feeling, I feel without speaking : but I have a Philosophy superior to any of your Cynical Turn ; which teaches me, instead of magnifying and multiplying the Failings of Mankind, to see as few of them as may be ; and to moderate my Resentment of what I cannot avoid seeing, by turning my Thoughts sometimes to my own. Thus, that Spirit of Reformation which rages with such Fury among *slandrous* Women, and *effeminate* Men, I call home to myself ; and by withdrawing my Attention from Things I cannot remedy, am enabled to apply it to those, which it will be always in my Power to cure. I have blended Effeminate Men with the Women, (as unnatural as such Junction may be in other Respects) because I have ever observ'd them to be great Propagators of Scandal ; as also, in general, that they have the same Habits, Affections, and

and Dispositions. And as every Woman, *Physically* speaking, is but a *female* Man; so there is a Species of Man, in whom we lose all Traces or Symbols of the proper Creature, and *Civilly* or *Socially* consider'd, I look upon but as a *Male* Woman. — But the Subject Matter of this Digression would have fallen in more pertinently with a subsequent Part of my Letter, in which I shall take Leave to trouble you again upon this Head. In the mean time I will bring back my Thoughts to *our* Wife; (for, *in Heaven, whose Wife shall she be?*) and endeavour to give the best Account I am able of our remarkable, and, doubtless, much remark'd Attachment. It contains a Story, from a Variety of Circumstances, so very distressful, that I am persuaded it will move not only the Pity, but Indignation, of all the virtuous and well natured Part of Mankind. Where I have this Dependence, I mean to pay a great Compliment: for as most Men are govern'd by their Constitutions, and those Constitutions are daily varying; what Reliance is to be had upon such Creatures themselves? and so capricious is the Animal, (I speak experimentally) that there are numbers of us, who would think ourselves Brutes not to be moved with the *Representation* of a disastrous Story upon the Stage, that will pass by the *Reality* in Life wholly unaffected. *Varium & Mutabile*, tho' satirically apply'd by *Juvenal* to Women only, I doubt
belong

belong equally to Man : and are indeed the *Peculiar* of human Nature.

One great Difficulty (among many others) I have upon me in the Performanee of this Task, is, the Apprehension of being betray'd, in the Course of the Relation, into repeated Transgressions of a Rule I had prescribed myself very early in Life ; which was, to speak of myself as seldom as may be : Rarely, in private ; in public, never. The *first* Person in *Grammar*, should be the *last* Person heard of in *Rhetoric*. Frequent Egotisms, if not an invidious, are at best an unacceptable Way of Talking : Yet Self-defence makes all Things venial ; and by Virtue of that Plea, I hope to be entitled to a little *Toleration*, if not an entire *Dispensation*, in this Respect. For tho' I have a Spirit, which makes me very well content to die *unpity'd*, I have a Consciousness about me, which makes me a little unwilling to die *unknown*. But to my Purpose,

Know then, Sir, this ill-fated Woman had been told, that I was deserving and unhappy ; two Characteristicks so much her own, that she had a Fellow-feeling for me, 'ere she knew me. Upon our better Acquaintance, tho' I endeavour'd to conceal the Truth of one Part of her Information, she grew so partial to me, as to think she was not deceived in the other : And at length conceived that Passion for me which she has so fervently and pathetically avow'd. It was
not

not her Ears or Eyes inthrall'd her; for if she could have been captivated by *Words*, or *Forms*, she might have been in Love with you. A Choice so founded might have gratify'd the Pride of a much worthier Man than myself: And I *was* prouder of such a Preference, than I could have been of knowing myself the Idol of all Womankind for Wit and Beauty; had Nature been so bounteous as to have bestow'd either of them upon me. I am well aware, that to insinuate she could be in *Love* with nothing but Merit, and at the same Time to be speaking of myself as the confess'd Object *of* her *Love*; may seem to favour a little of Vanity: But rightly construed, it will not be found liable to any such Exception. Because, she might be deceived *in* me, tho' neither she nor any Person else ever was *by* me. If she thought I had the Merit, I *had* it to her Apprehension; and that Prepossession made the *Semblance* equal to the *Substance*, with Respect to the Justification of her Passion. Possibly, Sir, when you marry'd, you was of *Opinion*, that this Doctrine might be extended to the *Persons* of Men; but I fear you will not get the Women to subscribe to it. Long *before* the Confession of her Partiality, it had indeed been blazed about the Country: But, upon my Word, I never had the least Hint or Indication of it from herself, either by Word, or Deed. And long *after* I had the last Testimony (as she calls it) of her Affec-

tion

tion for me ; I assure you, I never said or did any Thing to heighten or foment it, but what I did for your Sake ; which was writing to her. For I was never vain enough (as others are) to encourage Passions in Women, which I could neither gratify in myself, nor require in them. In order to be understood, when I say I corresponded with her for your Sake ; I must let you know, that when her Mother died, (in Tenderness to whom she had always conceal'd her Discontent) she told me she had resolved to live with you no longer. I remonstrated upon it, and overruled her Purpose. I told her, tho' I did not doubt of her having very good Reasons for such a Resolution ; that Appearances, upon those Occasions, were generally against the Woman : That they might possibly affect me too ; (telling her what had been said of her) and that if my Father should ever suspect me of being accessory to her Separation, he would never forgive me. She made Answer ; (with that generous Warmth, which always accompany'd every Thing she said or did in my Behalf) she would die much rather than ever have such a Consciousness about her : But told me at the same Time, that (besides the Loathsomeness of the Company she was to keep at *Milden-hall*, which had help'd to reduce her to what I saw) the Air of the Place was very unwholesome, and she fear'd might some Time or other prove fatal to her. This you may be sure, struck a
 little

little Damp to my Pleadings. Nevertheless, she said if I would oblige her in one thing, she would try if she could not weather another Autumn at that detestable Abode. I closed with the Condition : Which was, that I would inform her by Letter from Time to Time of my Health and Welfare ; which she confess'd were of greater Importance to her own, than she could tell with Decency : Adding, that she still hoped nothing she had said, or done, would be so misconstrued by me, as to be deemed a Forfeiture of my Esteem ; which she should ever prefer to all this World could give her. And then, as she had often done before, she bursted into Tears. Thus far I think I have 'explain'd myself to you ; tho' if it were to you only, I should not think it worth my while. I'll tell you farther ; that, neither in this, nor any other Conversation I ever had with her ; tho' strongly tempted as well by Gratitude, as by that tender Compassion I always felt about my Heart, whenever I heard her talk ; did I ever make her any Profession or Return of Love ; lest I should create in her any Impatience to throw off the Yoke, which had so long chafed her poor broken Spirit : Nor did I ever, till she was going Abroad, touch either her Lips or Hand in all my Life. As this is true, so help me, and so judge me, God ! For I would neither *clear* myself, nor (tho' at Enmity with you) would I *blacken* you, by any Falshood or Injustice.

*Nec si miserum Fortuna Sinonem
Finxit, vanum etiam mendacemque improba
finget.*

I have been so long disorder'd in my Head, that putting my Brain in Motion is as painful, as it would be to make a gouty Man dance. I am more weary with *Writing*, than you can be with *Reading*; which possibly you may think is representing my *Grief* with yet greater Force. Had I not been confined by Sickneſs, I ſhould have wanted Reſolution to go through with my Undertaking. And was I viſionary or ſuperſtitious, I ſhould be apt to think it had been *judicially* inflicted on me, (as the Ghoul tells *Hamlet*) *to whet my almoſt blunted Purpoſe*. But to purſue it.

Before I went to *Spa*, before I would conſent to go to *Spa* with her; I inſiſted (as ſhe tells you) upon the Expoſition of an ambiguous Paſſage in one of her Letters to you; the Purport of which was this. *You know I am the only Woman, in my Circumſtances, who would have behaved to you as I have done*. This Inuendo was, by other Animadverters on it, thought equal to its Analyſis: Yet I, who was determined not to proceed upon Preſumptions or Surmiſes; by perſecuting her with my Importunacy, (tho' ſhe often put by my Suit with Sighs and Tears, as was natural to a Woman of her Modeſty) at laſt obtain'd an Explanation of it. She aſſured me that you never had had the leaſt Know-

Knowledge of her : and that, altho' she despised you for it, she thought it the only happy Circumstance of her wretched Life. And she seem'd really as much pleas'd with the *Delivery* of her Secret, as a poor Woman, after an hard Labour, could be with the Production of her Child. Yet I could not help recurring to it again, and asking some farther Questions in as decent Terms as I could find to express myself; which, tho' they made her blush (poor Wretch!) I remember made her laugh. What! said I, did he never attempt to consummate? Did he never try to *pin* the matrimonial *Basket*? Upon which, she aver'd to me, she could not certify you was a Man, if she were call'd upon for such an Attestation: that you once made some little Feint towards joining of your Persons on the Wedding-Night, and the next Morning beg'd Pardon for her Disappointment; but, from that time took no more Notice of her than if you had forgotten her Sex: which probably, Sir, if you did not take a Pair of white * Gloves to bed with you, you never was at all acquainted with. I don't wonder at your † asserting your *natural Rights* with so much Warmth, it seems you have so few to spare.

But there wanted not this Aggravation of your Guilt, to make the Match both unad-

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* An Allusion to a Story your Friends used to tell of you at the *British* Chocolate-house.

† A Reference to your own Letter to me.

vifed and unwarrantable. It was condemn'd from the Beginning by all *thinking* and *serious* Men ; and, among the *ludicrous* and *farcaftical*, was a conftant Topic of Ridicule. Some of my old Friends at *Bury* in particular, ufed to make themfelves very merry at your Expence : yet I proteft to you I never indulged their Raillery fo much as with a Smile ; but, on the contrary, often endeavour'd to obviate or divert it. You thought, I fuppofe, ſhe would not live long ; and, as ſhe was averſe to the Alliance, that the *conjugal Duties* would be eaſily remitted by her ; and with Thanks : As alfo, that her Modeſty, and Delicacy, would hinder her from reſenting, or revealing, your grofs Abufe of her. For I have been perſuaded long ſince, that Modeſty and Gentleneſs are fo far from recommending Man to Man, that they are but fo many Temptations and Encouragements to others, to inſult and oppreſs him. In my Opinion, the Man that takes a Woman, who has not made that Man her Choice, is in Fact committing but a lawful Sort of Rape : to which indeed your Guilt is analogous in Sound only ; for it muſt be confeſs'd, that your Enormity was not a *Rape*, but *Rapine*. One of her Parents lived to ſee his Error, and to feel it's Curſe : In tenderneſs to the other, who loved her moſt exceſſively, ſhe kept ſecret the fatal Effects of your Avarice, and her *miſguided* Concern, in the *miſ-judg'd* Proviſion ſhe had made for her Happineſs. For till her Mother be-

came

came Accomplice in the cruel Combination against her Peace ; I have been told, by those who lived with her, that she was Proof against all the Sollicitations of her Father, and stood out inexorably against this, (every Way) *unnatural* Union of you.

This Secret wrested from her, I thought her free, and found myself so : tho' I had refused a very considerable, and *acceptable* Offer, in order to *preserve* that Freedom. Upon her Return from *Spa*, she would have consulted me about the Measures to be taken for the Recovery of her Fortune ; of which she made no Scruple to say frequently, and before some of your Relations, that you had robb'd her. I begg'd however to be excused, and that I might be able to aver, whatever was the Issue of your Difference, I had been totally unconcern'd in it. Otherwise, you may be sure a very little Instigation from me would have determin'd her to carry into Execution, the Purpose she had once conceived to seek her Remedy at Law. I know not how to asseverate, nor am I any great Favourer of your *vehement Asseverators* ; (tho' I find the Propensity to it very natural to an Heart a little inflamed) but if this be not true, may I never have the least Love or Credit among Men ; and I would much rather forego Life, than forfeit my Title to so valuable Possessions. I told her that, if she would point out to me how I might be any Way instrumental in making her happy, I should

should think myself more obliged to her, than I had ever been in all my Life : and that notwithstanding it was not in the Power of Heaven to make me so ; (unless it began by restoring me to myself) yet so pleasing a Conscience might make me at least forget some Part of my Sorrows. She suggested to me the Means ; and I embraced them with the same Alacrity, that she would have snatch'd any Opportunity of promoting *my* Felicity. To your eternal Confusion and Reproach, I am very well persuaded that she was capable of bearing Children ; and being herself an *only* Child, the Desire of having an Heir was the most natural of all human Wishes. At the same time I am convinced, if she could have conceived like the *Chinese* Virgin, by smelling to a Rose, she would have been as well pleased with her Pregnancy, as if she had owed it to more *natural* Means. There never was, from the Infancy of our Attachment, the least Ground for a Suspicion of any impure or illicit Love. For she was so totally subdued both in Flesh and Spirit, whilst she lived with you ; that her Constitution could as little tempt *her* from *within*, as her Person could tempt *me* from *without*. She was *plain* you know ; but Youth and Vigour never loved Beauty half so well, as I, under all the Infirmities of Mind and Body it was possible for human Nature to sustain, loved that *Plainness*. Moreover, I have intimated to you that I could have been very advantageously, and

agrec-

agreably marry'd ; upon which the following Question very naturally arises. Whether the Knave or the Fool was so consummated in me, as to prefer Guilt and Poverty, to Innocence and Wealth : I believe the most eminent Idiot in the Universe, would quickly see the eligible part of such an Alternative. But alas ! to what Purpose am I recounting these Things ? to what End have I done them ? I am left in Possession of her dear tantalizing Image only, and you of her Estate. For what she has left me, I shall be obliged to sell when Sir *Thomas Berney* dyes ; and if you have a mind to be the Purchaser, you may have my Share for between two and three thousand Pounds. When I say this, you must not think I mean to depretiate her Bounty ; for had it been greater, my Gratitude could not have been greater ; if it had been less, my Acknowledgments should have been the same : for it was her *All* ; and when she gave it, her very Soul accompany'd it. I mention these Things only to shew how greatly my Behaviour in this Affair has been *misconstrued* ; and, in consequence of those Misconstructions, I suppose equally *misrepresented*. At the same Time, Sir, I pretend to no Saint-like Innocence ; for I have observed that to personate the *Saint*, is ever the first Business of him who is playing the *Devil*. I will never endeavour to make you or any body else believe, that I have a Virtue more, or a Failing less, than in Truth belongs to me. I have done things
I could

I could wish undone : and will not therefore say, that, during the Delirium of my abandon'd Youth, a Man would have acted prudently to have *trusted his Wife* with me ; but at *any* time of my Life, if an intimate Acquaintance, or Companion only, had *trusted me* with his Wife, he might as well have apprehended an Injury from Above. These Things, Sir, are not *gratis dicta*, they are not arbitrary Assertions ; for I flatter myself I could bring as many Sureties for my Truth and Honour as most Men. Nor can my arrogating two things so Essential to my Reputation (I hope) give any Offence. *Simple Fame*, as it is called, may be vindicated and asserted by every Man, without breach of Modesty. My very valuable, and much loved Friend the Bishop of *Derry* (to whose Care of me last Year I owe my Life) having hinted some of the Things I have been mentioning, to Lord * *Berkley* ; his Lordship was so gracious to make Answer. *My Lord, Mr. Hervey one Day in a very earnest and emphatic Manner told me so himself ; and if twenty People were now to tell me the contrary, I would not believe them.* I am certain his Lordship will pardon me this use of his Name, when I take the same Occasion to say how very proud I am of his Testimonial. I don't remember that my Mind was ever so sensibly gratify'd : for we are not effectually flatter'd, but in proportion to the Value we ourselves set upon the Thing

Thing ascribed to us. Were I, for Instance, to tell a serious and sensible Man, that he was handsome or well made, I should imagine he would be just as well pleased, if I had paid the same Compliment to any part of his Apparel.

My dear Friend has often *said*, and there are many living Witnessess of what I *say*; that I was much the best Friend you ever had in all your Life; and I was undeniably so, till you forced me to be your Enemy: which as often as I seriously consider, I really grow superstitious, and look upon the Incident as something preternatural. The Indiscretion in your Misusage of me does not appear to have been *Spontaneous*; you must have been impell'd to it by the Devil, who, in the vulgar Phrase, owed you this Shame. You are now in Possession of her Estate, in consequence of my Tenderness and Scruples; Curse on me for my Folly! which among many other Provocations to such desperate Refuge, makes me daily want to do some Violence to my self.

I must pause a little, for the Heat and Agitation which the conflicting Passions now about my Mind cause in my Blood and Brain are so great, that I'm amazed how I make any Progress in my Work. My Ideas pass it in such Huddle-groups, that to digest the Matter for a Sentence of any length, is a Labour to *me*, equal to writing a whole Letter, to another Body. And yet this is something

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gain'd:

gain'd : for, for eight or nine Years past, if my *Salvation* could have depended upon my doing any part of what I have now done, I had not been able to earn it.

Her Parents, I think, were so prudent to ask her once, whether her Inclinations were engaged *else-where*, before they finally determined to give her Person *where* they knew they were *not*. However the Point gain'd by this Precaution was very inconsiderable. For, tho' neither you, nor I, was in Possession of them at that Time ; it was no Security for any future Exemption from such a woful Dilemma. And, whenever it came to be the Case either of her, or any other Woman ; tho' they might have too much Virtue, and Honour, to indulge themselves in the gratification of such alien Desire ; yet the Man has made a *Wretch* of that Woman, who is shewing him this undeserv'd *Mercy*. Women, as well as Men, that have generous and right Affections about their Hearts, are not contented with their moving contractedly round their own Centre, but are full of Impatience and Longings to exert, and fix them, upon some worthier and nobler Object than the pitiful puny *Idol* call'd *Self* : tho' its Votaries make one of the most numerous Sects in all the World ; and their *Persuasion* seems to me to bid fair, in spite of the Church of *Rome*, to be the true *Catholic* Religion. Tho' I hope I shall always be look'd upon as an *Heretic*, yet if they should establish an Order of Knighthood, and I
have

have any Friends among them, you may depend upon my Interest for being *Grand Master*. It must be confess'd that there are to be met with in our own reverend and stupendous System, Doctrines in favour of this Idolatry: for *David* says; * *do well unto thy self, and Men will speak good of thee*; but tho' you have religiously observed the Means, you must give me leave to assure you upon my Reputation, you have not attain'd the End. We allow you indeed to be a Man of Sense and Knowledge; but say, at the same time, that a *well-endow'd* Mind, makes no amends for an *ill-disposed* Heart; and that a good Understanding is so far from hiding a weak Conduct, that it is like a fine Coat upon a deform'd Person; which only serves to make the Defects of its Wearer more conspicuous.

As *Solomon* observes that in the midst of *Laughter* the Heart is sorrowful, so mine you see, Sir, in the midst of *Sorrow* would fain be pleasant. For, as I was very desirous to retaliate the outrageous Irregularity of your *Freedom* with me, I could think of nothing so Anomalous and Unnatural, as to be very *merry* with you: to extract Mirth from a Gentleman of your profound Wisdom and Gravity, being a sort of disproof of an Axiom in Philosophy; which says, that nothing can impart to *another*, what it hath not in *itself*. But I must beg Leave once more to resume

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* Psalm the 49th.

the *Serious*; which is more agreeable to the Nature of my Subject, as well as to my own.

I am utterly at a Loss to conjecture by what Attempts you will endeavour to cover or elude this heavy Charge. You have much to answer for, as she observed: for if, after the cruel Penance you had inflicted upon her for twelve Years, you had behaved rightly to her but in the End; she might have still been living, and I been blest'd. If Death be preferable to Life distemper'd with Adversity; if a painful Being be worse than no Being; as they indisputably are; he who has given that Pain, is so much worse than a Murderer. This *Expression* sounds harsh, but you will find the Logic strict and binding; and as it is a general Position, 'tis very defensible. *She utter'd not her Grief*, 'tis true: but did you think because she never murmur'd, that she ne'er repined? great Minds bear Affliction *silently*, but they bear it *hardly*. They know how few, how very few are susceptible of any real Compassion; they know too, where it is bestow'd with the greatest Sincerity, how unprofitable a Bounty 'tis. Had she been the *worst*, instead of being the *best* Woman in the World, the part you have acted had been unpardonable. But she was loving, lovely, gentle, generous, and dispassionate; and *the Elements so mix'd in her*, that she seem'd as if sent for a *Pattern* of what Women ought to be, and to have been resumed again for want of *Copiers*. The desperate Condition in which
 she

she found and left *me*, did not indeed admit of her making me completely happy, if she had had the Power of *Heaven*: but if there had been left in me a Capacity for Happiness, *Heaven* itself could not have made me *much* happier than she. The Conversation of a sincere, an honest, and well-inform'd Mind, is a most exquisite Enjoyment: And rare as such Endowments are known to be in the World, I had been so fortunate to know where to look for them, and, by her Help, where to find them. Such Love of Truth, and Benevolence of Temper, I never saw: And it became, I may say it behooved *me*, to pay a more than ordinary Regard to these Perfections, because I have ever look'd upon them, in spite of the Schoolmens Catalogue, as the true *Cardinal Virtues*. I never said any thing of this Kind before her Face; because she was better pleased to know my Sense of her Merit, by my Behaviour to her; which was a constant, and almost total, Application of my Time, and Thoughts, to the Means of making her happy. And if Happiness had been Matter of *Claim*, I might say she had a Right to be happy; because she contributed to the Ease, the Pleasure, and Felicity, of every Creature that came within the Reach or Influence of her Benignity. She not only never *declined*, but I believe never *over-look'd*, an Opportunity of pleasing, obliging, or accommodating any of her Acquaintance. Such Inclinations are not often known to Hearts at
 Ease;

Ease ; the Merit of 'em in her was therefore inestimable. It is not to be conceived, what Stability of Temper, what uncommon Portions of Virtue and Equanimity are required, to call the Mind to an Attention to the Pleasures and Interests of others, when it is labouring under Pressures of its own. That Part of her Disposition more immediately relative to her Manners, was perfect beyond Imitation or Expression: For they were exactly polite, without the least Tang of Affectation or Ceremony ; and rigidly decent, without any Constraint either to herself or her Company. What her Manners were in Respect of her Equals ; her Temper was with Regard to her Servants and Dependents. For gall'd as she was with Disease, and disquieted with Care, when the weak and depraved Particles in our Natures are most apt to shew themselves ; I can swear that in all my Knowledge of her (excepting once on my own Account) I never saw her kindle into the least Blast of Anger, or Appearance of Ill-humour: Her Rule being (as was said of Mr. Cowley) *never to reprehend any Body, but by the silent Reproof of a better Practice.* An easy and an even Temper is very pleasing, where it is merely Constitutional: But when it results from a good Understanding, and continues daily to be govern'd by Principles of Reason and Humanity, it grows meritorious: And, as it is with Wealth, the Possessor may be more proud of what he has partly acquired,

than

than that which he had wholly by Inheritance. Upon the Credit of these exalted Virtues, I should hope to be believed when I speak of her entire Exemption from all the Weaknesses and Vices so common to our Nature. For, tho' the World affords many Examples of little Virtues, and *great* Failings, meeting in the same Person ; and numberless Instances of *great* Virtues and *little* Failings ; yet I believe there was scarce ever known *one* of *very* great *Virtues*, and very great *Vices* dwelling together. Such an Union, Sir, were altogether as unnatural as that of an *old* Man, with a *young* Woman ; or of an *impotent* one, with *any* Woman. If I am well founded in this Proposition, as I verily think I am, I must beg you will observe, that there is a second Inference deducible, from it : which is, that as great *Virtues* are never accompany'd with great Vices, so great *Vices* are as seldom accompany'd with great Virtues. By Vices here I would be understood to mean, any untoward, malignant, or depraved Affections of the Mind ; such Things as have in them any moral Turpitude : For as Custom confounds Words, so the irregular Use of those Words must in its Turn confound our Ideas. The little social Offences and Irregularities we are hurry'd into by any *natural* Passion, or by some external Impulse or Allurement ; should I think come under a milder Denomination, and be call'd Follies only. I hope I shall not for this Comparison between
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the *Guilt* of immoral Vices, with the *Demerit* of social Trespases, incur the Suspicion of being an Advocate for either ; for I think the most trivial, or venial of them, ought to be properly discountenanced and restrain'd.

I have been carry'd away by the Luxuri-
 ancy of my Speculations, to Things a little fo-
 reign to my Purpose. But by this Character
 of my *Dear* (I know not what to add) you
 may see I think I had found

*The Faultless MONSTER that the World
 ne'er saw.*

And I assure you I was not single in my Opi-
 nion. She had a few, but well chosen
 Friends, who I am persuaded will attest the
 Truth of what I have said of her, without
 my calling upon them to be Vouchers for it.
 What is more ; I ever had such Notions of
 the *infinite* Diversifications of Nature in hu-
 man Constitutions, that I was not in the least
 surpris'd *when* I found her. Nor would it be
 a Moment's Wonder to me, if I were to meet
 with the entire Reverse of her To-morrow.
 But Perdition, eternal Perdition on me, if I
 would not undergo, or forego, more than
 Enthusiastic Hermit ever did to recommend
 himself to his God, to be possess'd of her
 Equal. And yet I should impose upon you,
 to tell you that I have yet felt the Loss of her
 as I ought to feel, and hereafter shall feel it.
 I perceive indeed a Disappearance of the only
 Thing

Thing on which I could ever rest an Hope of
 any Happiness, in all my Life ; but when she
 died, my Mind was so big with Woe, and
 my Brain so inflamed with the Resentment of
 it, that I had not room for any new or acces-
 sory Sorrow. 'Tis true I can perceive my
 Heart swell, and my Eyes gush, with but see-
 ing her Hand on a piece of Paper ; but this is
 not the *Thing*. The loss of such a Friend
 is a Grief of Reason, (not of Passion ; and
Reason being fled, the *Sensory* is lost. If I
 should once again resume myself, once more
 be bless'd with that entire Redintegration of
 myself, of which I have as high a Conceit as
 Monks of Paradise ; and retire to such Scenes,
 and Paths of Life, as under Nature's Guidance,
 and in a State of Freedom, I should have
first sought, and *ever* loved : it will be then,
 and there, that I shall truly lament the Loss
 of her invaluable Society. For Amiable, that
 comprehensive Characteristic, was never
 more due to any human Creature than to her.
 The Tribute of these Praises so naturally co-
 incides with my chief Aim in writing this Let-
 ter, that if they do not please, surely they can-
 not offend any Body. They are as due to the
 Virtues of a private Life, as to those of great-
 er Éclat ; being more easily imitated, and imi-
 table *by more* than those of Persons in high
 Rank and Station. To this may be added
 another Enhancement of their Merit, which is,
 that the Motives to them are pure and simple,
 whereas the others are often mix'd and com-
 plicated.

plicated. Even their poor Encomiast has this Advantage over other Panegyrist, that he is less suspectable of any By-Ends or Adulation in what he says. And indeed if it were the Deity of whom I spoke, and that Deity capable of being imposed upon by me, I should be cautious of saying any thing my Heart did not avow me in; for I have always look'd upon Flattery as the most abject of all Prostitution. Yet In fear these Testimonies I have borne to a Character on which I shall ever reflect with the utmost Veneration, will be regarded but as the *Overflowings* of a grateful Heart, or the *Hyperboles* of a bigoted Friend: but, as you yourself can witness, it is not so; I did not ascribe these venerable Qualities to her because she was my Friend, but I made her my Friend, because she had the Qualities. That I had great Obligations to her is true; and that *particular* Merit might have challenged and produced in me all Tokens and Effects of an most ardent Love and Esteem; yet not the Things themselves; which must be always the Result of a *general* one. For if it be once admitted that any thing but intrinsic Worth is a suitable Foundation for Friendship, I do not see why there may not be as eminent Examples of it in *Newgate*, as in any other Scenes of Life. By intrinsic Worth is to be understood an assemblage of Good Nature, Temper, Truth, and Honour; for Wit and Beauty, Knowledge and Politeness of Manners are not to be

reckon'd into the Essentials of the *Human Fabric*, but rather come under the Description of what we call *Finishing* in artificial Structures. I might bring in Aid and Confirmation of this Opinion, the general Remark that we very rarely see a firm, equal, and lasting Friendship: and why? why because those capricious Attachments and Fellowships we see from Day to Day contracting, and often usurping the name of Friendship, have not that Fundamental which I require. If there be this deficiency in either of the contracting Parties, the compact breaks of itself. And for the very same Reason it is, that we see so few People happy in the Marriage State: because there must meet in *two* Persons, so confederated, all those winning Qualities, and endearing Qualifications, which are rarely to be found in one.

Having now fulfilled my chief Design in writing to you, I shall soon release you: but must beg leave to close with this Observation, naturally arising from what I feel at the time of making it. That, if instead of having favour'd and befriended you, I had been an avow'd and most injurious Enemy, you had done a most merciless and savage Thing, whelm'd as I am under variety of Afflictions, to have thrown now Fuel into my Mind to inflame and agitate it. To bear about a *disturb'd* Mind, in a *distemper'd* Body, is the Consummation of human Misery. Yet this hath long been my Condition; aggravated by the Conscious-

ness of such a Capacity in myself for Happiness as scarce any Man was ever blest'd with. If there be that Communion between God and his Creature, *believed* by * many, and so devoutly to be *wish'd* by All; I conclude he will hear a sincere and earnest Application to him from a Chamber, as soon as from a Church, or in the Street, as well as in either. And I desire him most solemnly, to deal with me here and hereafter according to the Truth of what I am going to say, *viz.* That in one or two and twenty Years I have never been in a natural State of Mind or Body : in other Words; I have not been in all that time one Hour out of Pain, or in the calm Possession of my Understanding. I was thus unhing'd before I was twenty Years old ; and have been no more accountable for my own Motions ever since, than an *Ignis fatuus* ; they have been all as irregular and involuntary ; and *only Irregular*, from being Involuntary. Every Step I now set in the Day, is like the Motion of a Feverish Man in the Night ; who is continually changing his Place and Posture, *impatient* ever of the present, *easy* in none. For these nine Years last past, in particular, I have suffer'd Toment enough for the Author of Man's Fall ; and am full of such a malignant Indignation at the Causes of it, that, with once as much Philanthropy about me as was ever known to human Heart, I find myself degenerated into an arrant *Timon*.

* I desire to be thought one of them.

mon. I have had my share of most of the acute Diseases incidental to human Nature; but they are pleasurable Sensations, compared to the Pangs and Anguish I am speaking of; which I defy Hell to aggravate, or Heaven (almost) to recompence. Had I been persuaded that I was earning eternal Life by them, I could not have been brought to any Consideration, or Acknowledgment of my Wages: long since so weary of *Being*, that if I had thought my Chances for Happiness in a future State had been as a Million to one, I should have dreaded another Existence. I have lain awake from two or three Nights to two or three Months together; as much so, as I am at this Moment; without any more Disposition to Sleep, than if there had been no such Power in Nature. When I have slept, I cannot say I rested; 'twas like the Sustenance allowed by Tyrants to Slaves condemn'd to Tortures, barely sufficient to prolong my Pains. In this calamitous State, the only Means of Relief were, either to retire for some time from the World, in order to reinstate and repair the Man; or entirely to set him free, by a final Riddance of it. But unhappily, of these two *Doors*, the Circumstances of my Fortune had shut the *one*, Nature and Honour had barr'd the other. Else the most easy Hour I have spent in eight of these nine Years, I cou'd have put a Pistol to my Head, or a Dagger in my Heart, and looked on *Death* with more Complacency, and greater

Avidity;

Avidity, than you could look on *Manumission*. To have past the verticle Point of Life, without any Perception, any Remembrancer but *Pain*, of the degrees by which I have reach'd that Period; to be old, without ever having been young; to have been *literally* dying daily, (as *St. Paul* says) by daily wishing to die; to have laid in nothing to make me of any *Use* to myself or others, and to be disposse's'd of all the Powers of giving any *Pleasure* to myself or others, are melancholy *Reflections*, but more horrible *Sensations*. Yet I have borne my Fortune patiently, and resisted it manfully; but that constant Conflict with it, and Resentment of it, harra'ss me as much as my Distemper; and my poor crazy Carcass, is in the forlorn Case of a *third* Person parting two Scufflers. As long as any little Vigour of Body remains, it helps a Wretch to divert or to beguile the Griefs of his Mind; and so, till he is broken in Mind, he is enabled by that to combat and sustain the Evils of the Body; but when both are entirely subdued, there is no *Refuge*, no *Support*. When we see a Man submit too much in order to remove his Griefs, we may conclude he feels much: and I have lived an hourly Slave to my Infirmities for many Years, and do so still. Infomuch, that if I *recover*, the Means are so very tedious and unpalatable; I may say in the Law-phrase, I have *suffer'd* a Recovery. But the Labours of *Sisyphus*, or a Dog in a Wheel, were profitably spent compared

pared to mine; for if they gain no Ground, at least they lose none; but I was daily Retrograde: the *Effect* of one Night's Distemperature like mine, is the *Cause* of another; and so Disease, like a kind of Interest converted into Principal, was constantly accumulating on me. Yet all this time I never spoke, unless provoked or urged to it by Raillery or Insult; which Misery you may be sure I could but ill brook. For what has been imposed and practised upon me, I must, in Justice to the Doers, own, I am certain wou'd not have been inflicted on an Horse, if the Beast could have complain'd. But complaining was always a little repugnant to my *Nature*, and more so to my *Reason*. 'Tis Weak and Impertinent to impart our Grievs where they are not pity'd, and it is *cruel* where they are: Persons indifferent to us are not susceptible of the Sympathy; our Friends we should spare the Pain of it. If I could have complain'd of any thing, I should have murmur'd at the unnatural Treatment of my Friends under my Affliction, who have often wounded me sorely. How differently are we made? I see *others* discomposed in their turn; and yet so much more considerate and tender am I in this Point; that if it be but the Casualty of a Day, or the Effect of Humour, I scarce ever look towards them; lest it should hurt them to perceive 'tis taken Notice of. I have scarce an Acquaintance whose Company I have not quitted with a Resolu-

tion

tion never to go into it again, till he was *wiser*, or I was *happier*. At the same Time I have met with great Indulgence, I confess, in Public: where my Companions have been so good, when I have caught their Eyes upon me, immediately to turn them off; common Sense telling them, that as often as they seem'd to observe, what I was generally laboring to conceal, they must necessarily disconcert or constrain me. For in the height of my Disorder, Sir, I was grown as jealous of the Eyes of my Friends, as you could be of your * Wife; and *like you* from a Consciousness of my own Infirmities. To have this Consideration paid me in *Public*, and to be deny'd the same Quarter in *private* Company, used equally to concern and surprize me. When the Wheels are out of Order, it is rather the Business of Friends by an artful Tenderneſs to set them right; and to sooth the Sufferer insensibly into an Utterance of his Sorrows: for *Speaking*, to an Heart long bloted and inflamed, with Grief, and Indignation, is like bringing Wounds to suppurate, which at once prognosticates and promotes their Cure. Many of mine know too, that the series of Adversity I have gone through, required more than human Patience to *bear*, as well as more than human Spirits to *surmount*. With *more* to feel, and a quicker *Feeling* than any Man;

to

* This alludes to an insidious Attempt upon her Honour, by which she was exposed to an unheard of Insolence from one of her Servants.

to be ask'd by those, who neither had my *Sorrows* nor *Sensations*, what was the Matter with me, and why I was not chearfuller; to be charged with a want of Spirit, when I had been a Sacrifice singly to my Spirit; (by opposing Ills, to which the strongest and the fiercest Beasts in Nature must have submitted) were very mortifying and provoking Errors in my Judges. If no Circumstances or Occurrences in our Lives, were any way to alter *our Sensations*; a Man might as well be Poor, as in Affluence; Sick, as in Health; and it would be Matter of Indifference, whether his *Friend* did him an Injury, or Good-Office. *Apathy*, Sir. is but a Word; the Thing can have no Existence. It is arrant Folly, utter Nonsense, to say we will not feel, what we do feel. Grief of any kind will exact, and engage, the Attention of its sufferer: there is nothing so *selfish* as Pain; and scarce any Thing so *painful*, as such Selfishness. Besides, to be competent Judges of any Man's Resentments of Things, we ought to know a little of the Texture of his Mind: for *Minds* under Affliction, fare as *Bodies* do in Toils; they injure themselves, in proportion to the natural Strength and Activity of them. For my own part, I am fully persuaded that the internal Complexions of Men are as various as their Faces; and that *Man* and *beast*, or *God* and *Man*, are not so unlike each other, as *Man* and *Man*. And bold, and extravagant, as this Position may seem,

H

I think

I think I could explain it in a Manner, to leave the Truth of it unquestionable. While we can sit at ease, and speculate only, upon the several Operations, and Diversifications, of the Knave, the Fool, and the Brute; tho' upon the whole our Animadversions will be a little melancholy; yet in certain Moments we may divert and amuse ourselves with 'em: but when a Man is to *feel* them all; when he is every Day to *suffer*, what he is conscious he could never *act*, and is still determined invariably to perform his Part; when this I say, Sir, happens to be the Case of any of us, it becomes a *complicated* Grief, to be so circumstanced, and at the same Time so constituted. I can scarce think of any species of Injury that I have not suffer'd; and for an Aggravation of my Wrongs, the most grievous of them have been done me by those who ought to have been my Patrons and Upholders. Neither is there a Weakness belonging to human Nature, I have not had almost daily practised upon me. About four Years ago I had a very abrupt hint given me, that the World thought I was kept: tho' by the by, my Circumstances at that Time did, as little *Credit*, as I myself could have done *Service*, to my Keeper. An old and intimate Acquaintance of mine, and an exceeding well-natured Man, (two Titles to say any thing) one Day after Dinner talking of Women, the almost constant Topic of Tavern-Conversation, observed; that *Hervey* was the
most

most happy of them all ; who made his Interests and his Pleasures coincide, by finding them in one common Means. Tho' very little disposed to take part in the Discourse, I said with an indignant Smile, that I did not know what he meant. *Why*, (said he) *have you never had to do with any Woman that has paid you well for your Pains ?* I answered, no : and immediately perceived as much Astonishment expressed in the *Faces* of all the good Company, as if I had affirm'd that I had no Nose in *mine* : upon which I redoubled my Affirmation, and said again, *upon my Honour, No.* A Mind less sickly, and discomposed, might have borne a Slander of this Kind with better Temper ; but it affected mine hugely. And tho' I acquitted my Assailant of any Intention to hurt me ; yet my Senses told me, when I was to suffer, it signify'd but little, whether Inadvertency or Malice gave the Wound. I really think the Character of a * *Filch* is almost as enviable and reputable. But so little seasonable was such a Representation of me, that at the very time I was look'd upon as this Herculean Laborer, this *Jove*, amongst the Women ; I was in the Condition of poor *Belshazzar* when he saw the Hand-writing upon the Wall : *the Joints of my Loins were loosed, and my Knees smote one against the other.*

H 2

And

* A Character in the *Beggar's Opera*. His Occupation in *Newgate* was suppos'd to be helping female Convicts to Pregnancies, in order to relpite the execution of their Sentence.

And yet a Multitude of these little Perverse-
nesses of Mankind, with which they daily
teize each other, and are mutually laboring to
render Life unfavory ; would have lost much
of their pungency to a Mind in Vigour, and
true to itself ; as I should ever have found
mine, in any other Paths but those I have
been driven into. But I so exquisitely *re-*
sented my first Griefs and Disappointments,
that I have been the less able to *resist* the lat-
ter. The Affection I once bore my Father
surpass'd any Saint's Love of his God ; and
I can't help flattering myself, that had I been
better known to him, he would have che-
rish'd me like his Being. But true filial Love,
like the *Love of God*, is accompany'd with
an Awe and Reverence, which if its Object
will not remit, or a little abate, they may live
for ever in the same Room, and be utter
Strangers to each other. But I have ob-
served, in general, that the Behaviour of Pa-
rents to their Children, is like that of Wo-
men towards Men ; of whom Mr. *Dryden*
says, that they never *stoop* but to the *forward*
and the *bold*. My Father's Esteem was my
sine quo non of Life ; it was the one Thing
needful ; by which is to be understood, that
which would make a Man happier, without
all other Things, than all other Things
without that. But he was pleas'd at once
to put me out of *his* Way as well as my *own* :
being tempted by the shew of some Talents
in me, (which he and the World even at that
Time

Time over-rated) to a fatal destination of me to a Profession the most repugnant to my Genius and Temper that was possible. And the Prosecution of my Studies not being made easy to me in other Respects, I abandon'd myself to such desperate Excesses as none else was ever reform'd or rescued from. For the great Fatality which attends an habit of Drinking is, that the Evil becomes Antidote to itself; that is to say, by having recourse to the Cause, you remove the ill Effects of it: and I will venture to affirm, that the Temptations to Relief from Pain, are much less to be withstood, than the most urgent to any positive Pleasure. Even my giddy, riotous Companions could discern, that our Motives to what we were about were not the same: for their Business was *Drinking*, mine was to be *Drunk*. And what *real* Pleasure there can be in a total privation of all one's Powers and Faculties, needs not an *OEdipus* to resolve: but that there is a negative one, in lulling a disquieted Mind, and in the suspension of gloomy Thoughts, the Practice of almost all the afflicted part of Mankind too daily certifies. This, I confess, was making bad worse:

Fortunæ miseras auximus Arte vias.

And I don't doubt but you will tell me that I deserved it for so extravagant and *irrational* a Conduct. But if Reason, Sir,
be

be not a Match for the Passions of *Age* ;
 when it is to controul the unruly Emotions
 of Youth, and a great Spirit, the Encounter
 must still be more unequal. I have many,
 many times wanted a Dinner in those Days.
 These Things might have sat like *Trifles*,
 on the Mind of a *Trifler*, but I was not so
 luckily constituted. When I say luckily, I
 don't mean that I should have chosen to be
 of such a Make ; but when a Man's Fortune
 has not been correspondent to his natural Dis-
 position, the next Thing to be wish'd is, that
 his Disposition had been more agreeable to
 his Fortune. My Mind, as I have said be-
 fore, having been thus early unhinged, and
 turn'd upon itself ; I apply'd myself with
 unweary'd Industry and Diligence to my
 Destruction, and yet could not effect it : but,
 after such a Redemption, to have lived to re-
 gret the want of Success in *that*, more than
 any other Pursuits of my Life, is a shock-
 ing Thought. My Father however is not
 to take these Things ill, as they have no ten-
 dency to reflect any Reproach on him : for
 as he was ignorant of my Sufferings, he was
 also innocent of 'em. And when I turn
 my Thoughts towards him, I only say to
 myself, that *he shot his Arrow o'er the House,*
and kill'd his Son. When he heard of the
 daily Violences I was doing to myself, he
 could not tell that I was not *mad*, but *grieved* :
 he could not distinguish the *Wretch*, from
 the Man of Pleasure : nor could he possibly
 discover,

discover, that that seeming *rebellious* Conduct against my self, was but the Effect of an inward Warfare with my *rebel* Fate. The most sensible Mortification he ever did me was in expounding the unhappy Effects of these Things into new Wrongs, by one of those gross Misconstructions I am still often suffering. He ask'd me once why I did not talk more ; saying, he had been told that I was very capable of taking part in the disquisitions of common Things ; and that my Silence was interpreted into a Contempt of my Company, which was resolvable only into Pride. But how very injurious and cruel are these Things? Pride, as is said of *Cæsar's* Ambition, *should be made of sterner Stuff*. Besides, Men naturally prone to enquire too narrowly into themselves or their Condition here, (and I am not without some Seeds of this self-tormenting Philosophy in me) will not have much Reason to be satisfy'd with either : and that which makes us *unhappy*, in this Respect, will in my Opinion, necessarily make us *humble*. I remember I laugh'd then, as I do still, at any of these random Shafts, tho' with an hundred Arrows rankling in my Brain and Heart ; but when I was smitten with this invidious Charge, every Power and Function both of my Body and Mind had been for three or four Years totally suspended. I knew no more what past in Company, than if the Conversation had been in a Language I had not understood ;

understood: and if I had been admitted to the Communion of Saints, * it would have been all Impertinence and Obstrusion to me; for there must be a Capacity to enjoy, before one Thing can make us at all happier than another. Pain without either *natural* or *external* Means for the Pursuit of Pleasure, would make your Being loathsome to you, tho' your Abode were with the Bless'd.

Don't imagine, Sir, that I have told this lamentable Tale in order to excite Compassion; for all Tokens of Pity must come so short of the Sufferings of Distraction, and a fix'd Despondency, that they would but make the *Patient* smile. No, Sir! my View in it is, with the better Pretence, and I hope better Effect, to become a Suppliant to the Public; that, as by an uninterrupted series of Adversity, I have been bereft of Health and Strength, of Peace and Senses, I may not be robb'd of my little Fame too; for by that slender, but firm and faithful Prop, I have been all along sustain'd: and I think it can neither appear so enviable to my Enemies, nor so inconsiderable to my Friends, as for those to desire, or these to suffer it, to be cut from under me. This, Sir, was not your first Attempt to wound my Reputation neither: for you traduced me six or seven Years ago

* I fear many of these passionate Expressions have fallen from me, which tho' I could not suppress, I hope my Reader will overlook. I beg Pardon for them: but I am writing rather from my Heart, than Head; more from what I *feel*, than what I *think*.

ago in my public Character. But the Censures and Reproaches of one so prejudiced, and Party-bias'd, will make but slight Impressions on their Object: and it is as notorious as some other of your Foibles, that the Favorers of your Opinions have no Faults, the Oppugners of them no Virtues: and that upon the least Change any Man makes in his Political Creed, or Conduct, you do not scruple to pronounce the respective Proselyte either *Saint*, or *Reprobate*, without the least regard to his Manners, Mind, or Morals. I confess I have not that implicit Affiance in your Judgment, or any Man's else, to pin a Faith of any kind upon your Sleeves: nor, on the other hand, have I such a Conceit of the Sufficiency of my own, as to presume it never misleads me. What I dare *be*, I hope I shall always dare to avow I *am*. Whether I am thought to have taken the part I have been acting upon upright Motives, must ever depend upon the Candor and Equity of my Judges. I can only aver I have been sincere: and tho' the World may not allow me the Repute, it is not in the Power of its great Ruler to rob me of the Consciousness of it: with which Consciousness, I will endeavour for the remaining part of my Life to rest content. For tho' I wou'd pass a fiery Ordeal, rather than let my Fame suffer any Stain or Blemish I cou'd wipe from it; or to conciliate the Esteem of Men of Sense and Probity; yet I never was of *Consideration*

I
enough,

enough; or of a *Turn*, to affect what is call'd Popularity : having learnt long since to distinguish between the *Folly* of attempting to please every Body, and the *Wisdom* of really displeasing no Body. In answer however to your *Suspensions* and Imputations, I will venture to say thus much. That I have made greater Sacrifices to generous and virtuous Motives than, perhaps, any Man living : or supposing me to have had my *Equals* in this Respect ; I must observe, that a Merit of this sort is not duely balanced by another's having done the same *Things*, unless it appears that he hath also done them in the same *Circumstances*. If *Passion* or Interest cou'd have sway'd me, I might say too, since I have been concern'd in the Political World, that I had been both *provoked*, and *tempted*, to be one of those Modern Converts, who make a Minister's private Treatment of them, the Measure of all Wrong and Right in what he is doing for the Public. And if such Vicissitudes, such sudden Changes, could be warrantable in any Thing, I really think that *Political Consciences* will best admit of them : for every body must allow, that no Things will *turn* so well, as those that are the same on *both Sides*. Probably I may flatter myself, but I am inclined to believe that few Men are less liable to be awed or allured into any Thing than I am. Poor and inconsiderable enough I have ever been, God knows ; but stiff, and steady. *Quod Volo, valde volo.*

True

True Zeal, like true Courage, is not loud or wordy : they patiently receive, and quietly repay, the Taunts and Outrages of their Adversaries ; and as the one will always make a *formidable* Enemy, so the other will never fail to make a *stedfast* Friend. I had once resolved not to come again into Parliament ; for I have neither the Passions requisite to take Delight, nor Talents to make a Figure in it. But if all the Votes I have given there were revocable, I cou'd think but of one I should be the least desirous to recall : And if that Question were to recur, I shou'd be again suspended by the Dilemma I was then under ; for tho' I approved of the End, I disliked the Means : and Neutrality is a Thing *unworthy* even to the Gender of a Noun. In the *Roman* State, if I remember right, it was not only reckon'd Ignominious, but, I think, made Penal. As for the Unanimity with which my Party has been so often reproach'd ; it is the natural, and almost necessary Effect of *Party*. 'Tis by the same Unity and Concord, that the Opponents of it have now gotten the Ascendant ; and I wou'd recommend it to every Administration, and every Assembly : For I believe it will be found in Policy, as in Philosophy, that Cohæsion gives the *Weight* to all *Bodies*. But though I recommend certain degrees of this *Political Faith* and Complaisance, in order to facilitate the Measures of our *Governors*, I am no Advocate for so abject a Subserviency of other Men's *Wills*, or
so

so implicit a Resignation of our Understandings and Consciences to their *Opinions*, as may be destructive or injurious to the *Governed*. Men of Sense, and Spirit, and Integrity, will always set proper bounds to these Things: you will find them moving towards each other, and, as if it were by some secret Magic in their Natures, uniting and confederating themselves in times of *Danger* and *Design*. But I have seen no such *Times*, and hope I never shall see such: nor do I think I have seen any *such Things*, as seem'd to bespeak or forebode the Approach of them.

I have troubled you, Sir, (and to be sincere with you, I hope I have *troubled* you) with a tedious Rhapsody; in some parts of which you may think I have treated you very freely. But where *Truth* offends, she herself must have been first *offended*: and the Resentment of such an Offender will pass in the World, but for the wincing of the galled Horse. What I have said, as well as what I have done, I can amply justify: it is the Nature of all Innocence to be *Bold*; injur'd Innocence will be a little *impatient* too.

THOMAS HERVEY.





